

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + Refrain from automated querying Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at http://books.google.com/



CHEANINGS.

WILLIAM P. LUNT. D.D.

· · · · · ·

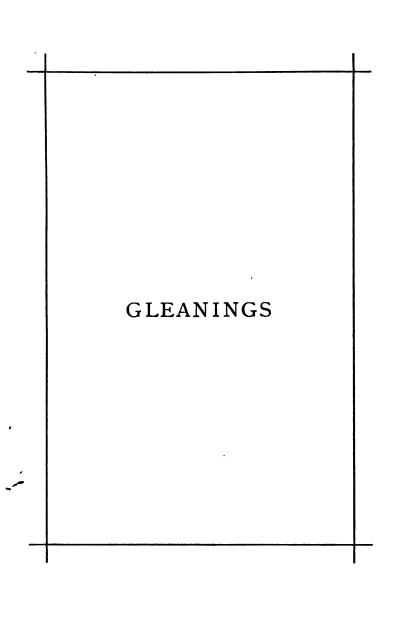
·

Actor Library. From Mya. sons Lun July 13/1/6.

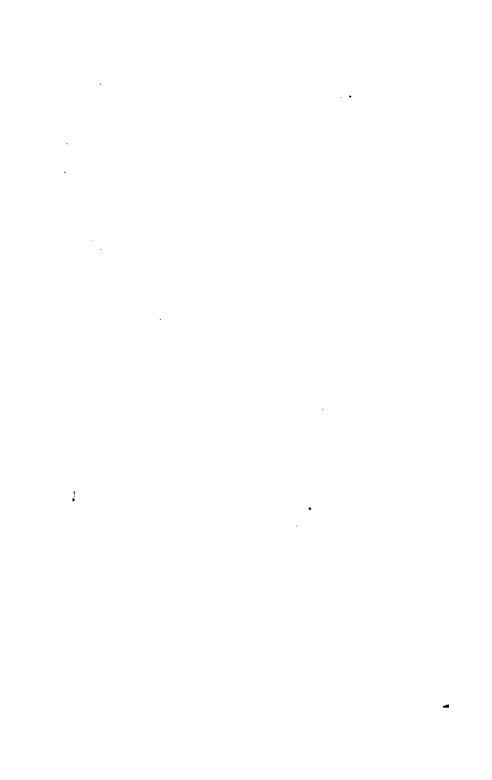
San Albania

57.57





.





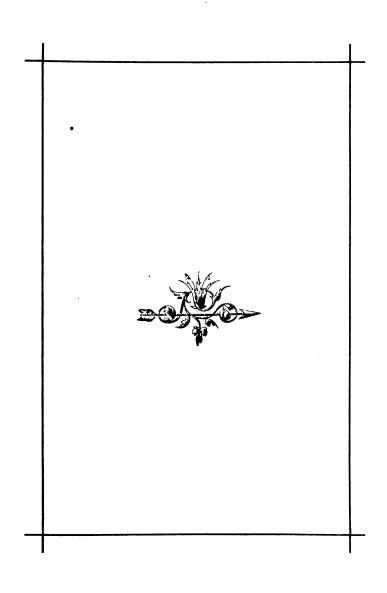
W. PLunt

Gleanings

WILLIAM PARLUNT DD



WM PARSONS LUNT





FOR

HIS PARISHIONERS,

WHOM HE LOVED,

WHEREVER THEY MAY BE FOUND,

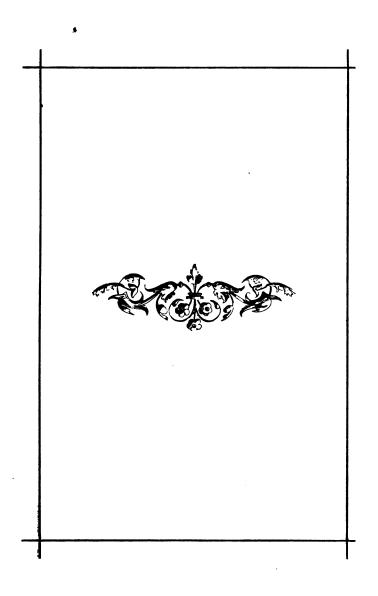
These Remembered Paragraphs and Berses

ARE GATHERED

BY HIS AFFECTIONATE DAUGHTER,

MARY E. LUNT.

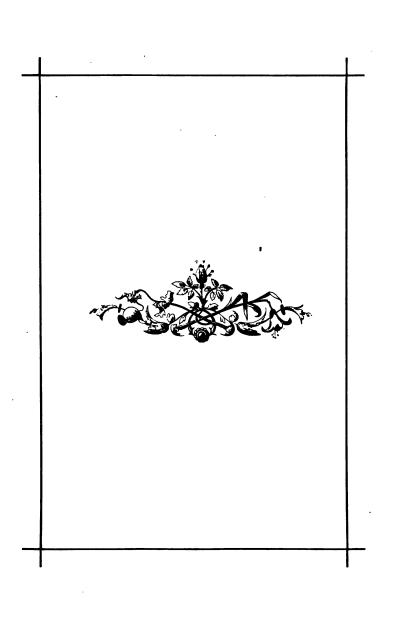
* * * * * * * * * *





FOR what is Talent, but the exalted power Of glorifying God, and serving man? Its noblest task is in thy holy cause,—
Religion! 'Tis in spreading far and wide
The pure and peaceful influence of thy truth;
In making man acquainted with his God;
In reading to the calm, attentive soul
The interpretation of the dream of life.







GLEANINGS.

IMAGINE the disease which withered the hand of the individual in the Parable to be multiplied, and extended through a community of industrious, thriving men. If labor be, as the economist assures us, the source of all wealth and social prosperity, the withered right hand dries up that source. The wheel ceases to revolve, and the shuttle to fly. The hammer no longer descends upon the anvil. The plough stands in the half-finished furrow, being no longer held by the hand of the husbandman. The reins drop from the loosened grasp of the driver; and the "bits, which were put in the horses' mouths, that they may obey us," no longer

serve to "turn about their whole body." The pilot's hand is withered; and the "great ships" are no longer "turned about with a small helm," but are urged far from their course, and driven upon rocks, and wrecked. Of what value were waving fields of ripened grain, if the right hands were all withered that should harvest the grain, and prepare it for the use of the thousands who wait for it to supply their cravings? Let the hand of the scribe be withered, and eloquence no longer speaks but to living and present listeners; the pen no longer records the words that fall from gifted lips, and no longer preserves them to enlighten, move, inspire, and inflame coming generations and the most distant times.

And it is not *disease* alone that causes the hand of man to wither and to become powerless. The slothful man has a withered hand: it "refuses to labor." Slavery exerts the same benumbing influence. The true emblem and representative of a community in which slavery is established is the man with a withered hand. And it is only when freedom performs its miracle, and commands that withered hand to be stretched out, that the vigor, skill, and gainful industry, which of right and naturally belong to that community, are revived in it. And if the attempt should be made to effect this cure on the sabbath day, and in the temple of God, what Pharisee shall pretend that it is a profanation of the holy day and the holy place?





THE history of one human soul is the history of all souls. Exposed to the same trials and discipline, they do, or *may*, one and all, experience the same sharp agony in obtaining, and the same pleasure in having obtained, the object of their pursuit.

IT is observable, that with regard to the great and perplexing subject of the origin of Evil, our Saviour did not undertake to philosophize about the matter, or to give His disciples a theory,—a Christian theory,—to explain the difficulty. His only reply, in the Parable, to those who put the question,—a question which multitudes have asked in past ages, and which multitudes still ask, in a querulous and

sceptical or in a perplexed temper, "Whence came the tares?" His only reply is, "An enemy hath done this." Be satisfied with this, that an enemy has caused this mischief. in the world is suffered to exist, we know not why. But an enemy has introduced it among men, not God. It is not destined to continue forever. It will grow till the harvest, and then will be separated from the wheat, and will be burned up. So far from discouraging human effort, therefore, the existence of evil in the world, and our unavoidable exposure to it, should operate, so the Saviour teaches, as a particular incitement to resolute effort in the way that is appointed to us, that we may overcome evil with good.







FIRST: the study of one's self is necessary to Wisdom. Though a man were master of all that is contained in books; though he had run through the whole circle of the Sciences, and had no acquaintance with himself, he would yet be an ignorant man. The mystery of all mysteries is within us. What are we? Where do we stand? How far have we advanced? What is our moral and spiritual condition? What are our principles? Have we any principles to govern us? Where lie our weaknesses? What have we to calculate upon in the hour of temptation? These, and such as these, are the questions we may well ask. To know what the disease is, is the first step towards a cure; and how can we understand moral and spiritual diseases unless we look into and study the soul?

Secondly: the counsels of the aged. "Multitude of years should teach wisdom." Were the young willing to give heed to those who have trodden the path of life, who know full well its dangers, who have tried the various pleasures of the world, and have found them, though fair to the eye, but ashes to the taste, they would easily be saved many a bitter hour; but man is perverse, and would try for himself, and therefore must have,—

Thirdly: experience in life. He that has not derived wisdom from the past, has surely lived to little purpose. Our errors and mistakes, even our wilful sins, may and ought to minister instruction to the mind. We see plainly where we failed, and the reasons for it. It is too late now to rectify those errors, and repentance cannot blot out those sins; but we may make the future more sure by a wise consideration of the past, and fortify our principles by humbly reflecting upon our wrong-doing.

Fourthly: books, especially the Bible. He that knows how to make a good use of books, may make them his friends, his counsellors, his guides. Let him read not merely to store the memory, or please the fancy, but to rectify the judgment, to soften the heart, to quicken and inform the conscience, to stimulate to high moral endeavors. The Bible spreads out before us a picture of God's Providence: it contains the key to explain the mysteries of life; it presents for our encouragement the examples of the just who have entered into their rest; and it opens to our vision the realities of another world.

Fifthly: Wisdom may be extracted from our losses, bereavements, disappointments, mortifications. "The rod and reproof give wisdom;" and this we are taught is the kind purpose and blessed result of the pains and sorrows of the present state. The arrow that pierces the heart may have been needed to

humble our pride, to alarm our security, to correct our worldliness, to strengthen our faith.

And lastly: Prayer. "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God."

The venerable form of Wisdom comes to us in youth, as the sibyl did to the Roman king, and offers us the faded leaves on which her sacred lore is inscribed. If we reject the offer, she returns repeatedly in after-life, bringing less and less for our acceptance, but still demanding the same price for the remainder. Industry, labor, self-denial, are the price of If youth be neglected, our acquisi-Wisdom. tions will be less, while the price at which they are purchased will remain rigidly the same. "Say, therefore, to Wisdom, Thou art my sis-Wisdom is the principal thing; therefore get Wisdom.

WHAT the Lord Iesus said to His hesitating, reluctant disciples, when He offered to wash their feet, God is saying to us through His Providence and Word, in every dark passage of human life, in every afflictive event that snatches away from us valued friends, in every cross that is laid upon us, in every sacrifice we are required to make, in every cherished passion which we are commanded to subdue and bring under the calm control of reason and conscience, in every new proof to which our faith is put. "What I do, what I inflict, what I enjoin, thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter." We know enough to promote our happiness. We know enough to enable us to do the special work for which we were sent upon earth, and to attain unto the end of our being, even the salvation of the soul; but still we know in part only: we see through a glass darkly. There are mysteries in every subject which we cannot penetrate; and the great duty of man, therefore, is humil-We must walk by faith, where sight fails, and where certain knowledge fails; and when faith fails, if it ever does, - for in a state of probation we must not be surprised if it should sometimes fail, where the subjects of our inquiry are too high for our understandings to reach, and too obscure for us to determine what to believe even, - we must give over believing with the mind, and stand with a heart filled with love, with confidence, with trust, with submission; and this temper in the soul will serve us instead of sight, instead of knowledge, instead of belief. It is what every man is obliged, sooner or later, to fall back upon and to rest in. There are periods in the life of every human being, when the lights which he had depended on for his guidance seem to be suddenly put out, when reason bows, and confesses its weakness.

GLEANINGS.

WHITHER thy wanderings,
Bird of the ocean,
Darting so swiftly
On the wings of the wind?

Loosen thy pinions;
Stay but a moment;
Tell me the object
You're eager to find.

BIRD.

"Oh! stay me not, stranger;
I'm bound to my home:
My offspring are screaming,
So long do I roam.

"Oh! stay me not, stranger:

I fancy their cry

Is borne on the wild blast

That whistles on high."

Say where is thy home,
Thou tenant of air;
And where hast thou left
Thy unfledged care?

BIRD.

- "Afar on the rough crag
 My aerie is hung:
 The foam of the billow
 Around it is flung.
- "A place where the storm-spirit Loves to repair, And wake the rough music Of ocean and air;
- "A place where the wonders
 Of God may be seen,
 In horrible blackness,
 Or beautiful sheen.

"Oh! there is my young brood,
And thither I go:
Detain me not, stranger;
My story you know."

Hie thee, then, rover,
On white wing away;
Stoop not to dip thee
In silvery spray.

On like the lightning:

No rest to thee take;

And God give thee speed,

For thy little ones' sake.



FOR A NEW CHURCH, PLYMOUTH.

WHEN over Canaan far and wide
Believing Abram's tents were spread,
The Lord descended to his side,
And to the Patriarch spake, and said,—

"Lift up thine eyes, and look around,
Northward and Southward, East and West;
Here shall thy numerous race abound,
And countless tribes in thee be blessed."

How was the promise of the Lord

To Abram faithfully performed!

There where he heard the cheering word,

The future hosts of Israel swarmed.

So to our Pilgrim sires of old,
A vision shone, a promise spake:

Their sons should spring a thousand fold,
And glory from their ashes break.

Their sons, we come, great God, to trace
Through every age Thy watchful care;
And where our fathers sought Thy face,
To consecrate a house of prayer.

Arise, O Lord! into Thy rest,

Thy presence sanctify this place;

Here may Thy people long be blessed;

Here learn Thy truth, and taste Thy grace.

Within these courts with solemn joy,
We wake the earliest note of praise;
And may our sons their hearts employ
To swell the grateful strain we raise!

Glory to Thee, O God! whose arm
Preserved our sires in danger's hour;
Thou art our shield from every harm;
Our hope is in Thy matchless power.

FOR THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS, QUINCY, 1837.

WHEN driven by Oppression's rod, Our fathers fled across the sea, Their care was first to honor God, And next to leave their children free.

Above the forest's gloomy shade
The Altar and the School appeared;
On that the gifts of faith were laid,
In this their precious hopes were reared.

Armed with intelligence and zeal,

Their sons shook off the Tyrant's chain;

The rights of freemen quick to feel,

And nobly daring to maintain.

The Altar and the School still stand,
The sacred pillars of our trust;
And Freedom's sons shall fill the land,
When we are sleeping in the dust.

Before thine altar, Lord, we bend
With grateful song and fervent prayer;
For Thou who wast our father's friend
Wilt make our offspring still Thy care.



FOR THE PILGRIM CELEBRATION AT PLYMOUTH, 1853.

YE men of Christian England
That stand for Truth and Right;
Whose Faith has nerved a thousand hearts,
In exile and in fight!
Your dauntless virtue trust again;
In God confide once more;
And flee o'er the sea
Where the stormy waters roar;
Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,

The forms of saints and martyrs
Shall blessed convoy keep;
For oft has Christian faith been tried
"In perils of the deep:"
And He who bade the winds "be still,"
Shall speak as once of yore,

And the stormy waters roar.

Where the stormy waters roar;

While ye flee through the sea

Where the wrath of man is faintly heard, And the stormy waters roar.

Batavia has no refuge

For those who are opprest;

That boon is hid for Pilgrim feet

In deserts of the West;

Go, build your cherished Commonwealth

On far Columbia's shore,

And flee o'er the sea

Where the stormy waters roar;

Where the wrath of man is faintly heard,

And the stormy waters roar.

The Star of Freedom westward
Must trail its cloudy way,
Till, breaking from the gloom of night,
It leads a glorious day:
Then, then, ye sea-tossed wanderers!
Shall sons their tribute pour
To the fame of your name,
When the waves have ceased to roar:
When the wrath of man is turned to praise,
And the waves have ceased to roar.

THE BURIAL HILL, PLYMOUTH.

HILL of ye dead! at vesper hour
When twilight spreads her mantle dim,
We'll stand upon thy solemn brow
And wake ye bosom-thrilling hymn.

To ye firm souls of other times,
Who, exiled from ye joys of home,
With God and glory in their minds
Dashed fearless through ye ocean foam:

To them we'll consecrate ye hour,
And fancy's eye with vision clear
Shall wander back with pious awe,
And trace their roving footsteps here.

Ay! here they stood when safe from storms
They landed on ye western soil;
And here they poured their fervent prayer
For aid and succor in their toil.

Here were those white-haired, reverend men,
With iron fortitude endued;
Their locks wide-streaming in ye blast,
As with uplifted looks they stood.

Here were those tender female forms

Who broke from friendship's weeping band,
To cheer the Pilgrim in his path,

And soothe him in a foreign land.

Here were those blooming, youthful forms
Whose infant minds Religion fired;
Who were to sound from hill to hill
The chorus which their sires inspired.

Blest group! your prayers have died away, Your bones are lifeless in the grave; But still your spirit lingers here To nerve ye pious and ye brave.

Your tomb shall be ye sacred shrine
Where zealous patriots love to meet;
And distant ages here their vows
Of Truth and Freedom shall repeat.

THE Cross of Christ was designed to be the symbol of Peace and Pardon to the world. At the foot of that cross the truce of God was proclaimed to a rebellious race. As many as have come, as many as still or may hereafter come, to contemplate that great sacrifice; as many as are led by that Cross to estimate aright the nature and consequences of sin; as many as are softened by that exhibition of guiltless suffering to the temper of repentance, of loyalty to the Divine Sovereign, and of charity to mankind; as many as receive into their souls, by fellowship with the crucified Master, the sweetness of His spirit, His piety towards the great Father, His faith in the Divine Benignity, His submission to the Divine Will, His love of men, — to so many the Cross ever has had, and will ever continue to have, an atoning, reconciling, saving power. there is a healing virtue. It is lifted up in

our world as the brazen serpent was raised among the Jews, that those who look upon it may be healed of their moral maladies. of different races and nations look at it together, and drop their prejudices and animosities, and learn to worship together a common Parent; and in that common worship find their hearts knit to each other by a mutual love. But at the same time that this was designed to be the influence of the Cross of Christ, the Divine laws were executed. The harvest followed the sowing, whether of Good or of Evil. The retribution of Heaven would not be interfered with. Those nations that were ripe for destruction would surely be destroyed; and therefore Jesus said to those who followed him lamenting His fate, the prophetic, mournful words that come echoing down through the vacant and silent ruins of eighteen centuries, - "Weep not for me, but weep for yourselves, and for your children." . .

The Constitution has been trampled under foot, the sanctity of the Senate has been violated, freedom of debate has been attempted to be suppressed by brute force, and Liberty itself, — Constitutional Liberty and freedom of thought and action, — has been ruthlessly assailed. . . .

May God give unto our people, in this critical period, the wisdom that comes from calmness, as well as that which springs from indignant resolution! May He, in His merciful sovereignty, avert from us the evils that threaten us; and may He have us and all who 'are dear to us, — our hearths, our homes, our Country, in His Holy keeping!



EVIL is not always, perhaps not frequently, killed in the seed by a preventive process. is not always, as it might be, nipped in the bud; but it is allowed by the Divine Wisdom that orders the course of events, to go on freely; to pass through the several stages of growth. It is quickened by the same heat and moisture that quickens good. It springs up and puts forth leaves and branches. blossoms and bears its fruit, and the fruit is allowed to ripen; and men are permitted to taste of the fruit, and to judge of its quality, and to be deceived by its flavor. Up to this point Evil is suffered; and then comes the principle of retribution. In the time of harvest, when the question is, what is worth saving for future use, and what deserves destruction, the matter is simplified, and there is no doubt as to the result. Evil is now shown to be evil, and is burned up; and the

pure Wheat which is found to be valuable intrinsically, and the value of which is greatly enhanced in men's eyes by comparison with the Tares that have grown with it, is garnered up for future use. Our Saviour denounced the Pharisees of his day thus: "Fill ye up the measure of your fathers:" which is as if he had said to them: Go on in your wicked course, Providence allows you to proceed to a certain point, as your fathers were allowed, and then your punishment will come, as theirs In this way we see the principle of retribution applied even in this world. Wickedness - wrong-doing - is not indeed punished in every individual instance. long periods of time and successive generations of men to bring to maturity any species of wickedness. A bad Institution, for instance, like Slavery, grows gradually, from bad to worse, multiplies its pernicious effects, and when it is fully ripe, then the sickle of the

world's wrath is thrust in to reap it for the burning. The life of the individual on earth is too short to observe this progress of Evil to maturity. And that principle which is at work even now and always, the Great Teacher declares in the Parable will be completely applied at the end of the world, when every species of error and wickedness shall have had its period in which to unfold itself and ripen and bear fruit each after its kind, and then comes the final harvest; the gathering in of what is good, and the burning up of what is bad, with everlasting fire.



INTELLECT is designed to assist a human being in the knowledge of his relations to the beings around him, and, above all, his relations to God, the Creator and Judge of all. Knowledge is not always Wisdom; brilliancy of parts not sure to be accompanied with solid judgment, and stores of learning may be only useless rubbish, encumbering the free action of the powers. Besides the animal, the sensitive, the intellectual, there is an immortal principle within, to which the senses and the intellect minister; a spiritual life which manifests itself by peculiar hopes and fears and desires. Religion suffuses the earth and the heavens with a new light, and adds new charms to their forms. They speak of an Infinite Intelligence that moulded them, of an Infinite Wisdom that preserves their order and harmony, of an inexhaustible Love that spreads itself over them, making them lovely They reveal the Creator, God.

A LITTLE BOY set out on a long and hazardous journey, by himself, through a country which was new and strange to him. He met, very soon after starting on his journey, with an angel of beautiful and benign countenance, who offered to guide him. He accepted the offer, took the angel's hand, and they went on their way together. After several hours of continued walking, the little boy felt hungry, and inquired of his guide where they should obtain food to refresh them after their toil. began to fear lest they should perish with He could not imagine whence a hunger. supply of food could be procured. The angel bid him give himself no concern on this point; and so saying, took him one side by a small path which he had not noticed, which brought them to a gate. Over the gate was an inscrip-He looked up, and read these words, "Your Heavenly Father knoweth that ye have

need of these things." The angel opened the door; and they entered into a spacious and beautiful garden, filled with every kind of tree and plant. Here every thing grew which the appetite of man craves. From beds of flowers came the most fragrant odors. of pure sparkling water made their way through the garden, and fertilized as well as beautified every part. In one part of the garden a space was cleared, and tables were spread, loaded with every kind of food gathered from the earth or plucked from the surrounding trees and shrubs, and served in the most inviting way. The young traveller expressed his delight, and sat down to refresh himself. He would fain have tarried long amidst so many delights, but was gently reminded by his angel guide that it was time they should resume their journey. They walked on till the shadows of evening began to gather upon their path. The little boy felt wearied, and

longed to sleep. He began to feel the cold night winds, and dreaded to lie down without shelter on the ground. With the coming on of night, many fears also entered into his mind that he had not felt during the day. What if he should die while he slept? resigned his consciousness, who would make him sure that he should come to himself again? A kind of dreadful misgiving and mistrust took possession of his fancy, and he was for a time quite unhappy. But the angel spoke to him in a cheerful tone, and gave him courage. A door near by opened to the angel's touch, and they entered into a comfortable house. A chamber stood furnished with every thing that could be needed for a weary guest. little boy threw himself on the soft couch; the last object he saw was the beautiful face of his guide, and then he fell into a soft sleep. He woke in the morning, and was delighted to come to himself again. The first face he saw was the countenance of his angel friend. He rose and found by his bedside a complete wardrobe of fresh clothing, from which he was allowed to suit himself. Being ready, they left the house, and were soon on their way once more. As they journeyed to-day, several charming scenes opened on their view; and especially one eminence came in sight on which a city seemed to be built. It consisted of buildings of the most magnificent and beautiful materials and structure. The gates of the city sparkled with precious stones. "Surely," said the little boy, "that must be worth seeing! How pleasant it must be to travel through such a splendid place!" he could discover no approach to the city. It seemed hanging in the air. The angel observed his longing and despairing look, and drew forth a ladder which he carried with him, and which was commonly invisible, and, adjusting it against the steep precipice, mounted

with the young traveller, and showed him the wonders and glories of the Heavenly City. where was assembled every thing that could charm the eye and interest the mind. satisfying the curiosity of the youth, they descend once more to the plain; the ladder is taken down and becomes again invisible, and they travel farther. In the course of this day they fell in with a company of idle and dissolute, but entertaining persons, who persuaded our little traveller to join them; promising him a most agreeable time if he would go with them to a certain place of amusement which they described in such glowing terms that he could not resist. The countenance of the angel fell; but the little boy, now a young man, was under a spell, and turned away from his companion. His new associates kept up his spirits, which sometimes, in spite of what he and they could do, were inclined to sink a little, until they brought him to their

Here he found himself exposed to the attack of a horrid monster that frightened him, now by its hideous aspect, and the next moment changed its form, and attracted and fascinated him by a Beauty he had never seen before. What should he do? His new companions laughed at him for his fears. He now remembered the sad look of the angel when he left an old tried friend for new ones. "Oh, that the angel would come to me!" he exclaimed, in his alarm; and no sooner had he so uttered himself than the angel came, having on a complete set of armor; and drawing his sword he smote the monster, and he fell dead at their feet. After various adventures they at length arrived within view of the termination of their journey. They stood on the border of a frightful flood, - black and Beyond, they could catch glimpses of the country whither they have been all along directing their steps.

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood Stand dressed in living green."

But, ah, the dreadful way that led to that pleasant land! Yet there was no help for it. Through this flood must those pass who would reach their rest. The traveller held fast by the angel's hand, and looked with imploring expression into that calm face. The angel provided a life-boat; into this they both enter, and dash fearlessly into the flood of death. They were lost for a time to the sight; but soon they appear again on the opposite shore. They had disembarked from their boat on the shores of the Blessed. The traveller has reached his goal, and is safe.

The Little Boy stands for every human being. The *Journey* is Human Life, — our passage through this world. The angel is Prayer. The beautiful *Garden* where they were refreshed, and the comfortable House

where they lodged, stand for the Bounty of Providence which supplies all our wants. The splendid City on the eminence is the Heavenly World, to which Prayer raises a ladder, and of which Faith gives a vision. The Monster, so ugly and anon so fascinating, is Sin; which only a Holy resolution, confirmed by prayer, can overcome. The black River at the end of the journey is Death. Religion furnishes the life-boat; and the fields of the happy stand ready to be pressed by the feet of the pilgrim.



"TO every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the Heaven." There is a time to labor, and a time to enjoy the results of labor. We are left at liberty to set aside, if we choose, this law of our constitution. We may attempt what multitudes daily attempt, to omit the season of wholesome toil, and to make the whole of life a continued feast. But such a rash experiment subjects those who make it to a dreadful penalty.

There is a time to plant, in hope and humble reliance on the Lord of the harvest, and a time to reap what was planted. "He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing seed" [in the springtime] "comes again" [in the end of the months] "with rejoicing, bringing his sheaves with him." Men not seldom endeavor to set aside this ordinance, but in vain. There is no ingathering for him who has not strewed. "He hath made every thing beautiful in his

An Old Age passed in the enjoyment of an intellect clear, active, and vigorous to the last, and of a heart still susceptible of pleasure, and still prompting to the communication of pleasure to others, is one of the chief blessings granted in this world to the righteous. Surely we must pronounce such an old age beautiful. It is the serene twilight that follows a brilliant day, and that fades softly into a night on which all the stars of Heaven's promises shine. And we will not think of such a departure as if it were the extinction of being; we will rather regard it as the opening of a secret passage, through which the same Divine Hand that introduced us into this world. guides the footsteps of those who leave us to a region of truer life and more perfect felicity, - to that "river upon whose banks grow all trees for meat; whose leaf shall not fade, neither shall the fruit thereof be consumed."

INSTEAD of putting on clothing stiff with gold, such as is meet for the presence of earthly sovereigns, we must stand in the presence of the King of Saints, "clothed with the garments of salvation, and covered with the robe of righteousness;" we must be "clothed with His robe, and strengthened with His girdle." Instead of the "smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia," we must offer the sweet-smelling incense of a good life, — that sacrifice which is "acceptable, well-pleasing to God." We must offer some charitable deed which has been performed in secret; we must lay at His feet some bad habit which we have corrected, or the trophies of some giant sin which we have conquered; we must present to Him a certificate, signed by the conscience, and testified by some humble, needy, and distressed fellowcreature, of the actual good we have done, of the ministries of mercy we have fulfilled; we

must present a life crowded with duties that have been faithfully discharged, shining all over with virtues and graces, sanctified by Holy affections, a faithful transcript from the spotless life of the Son of God. "If ye love me," said the Master, "keep my commandments."

CONSCIENCE has no exemption granted to it by the Creator of man, from the imperfections that adhere to all things human and earthly. Conscience may be blinded, led astray. befooled, imbruted; it may be taught to pronounce a judgment in favor of a lie. We need to be protected from men's consciences when misdirected, as much as from any human propensities or passions when unrestrained. I cannot elevate to the place of a divinity that from whose oracles have proceeded such uncertain, such contradictory, such false responses;

which has sanctioned, in different ages of the world, so many cruelties and immoralities. cannot consent to fall down and worship that which I so little respect, and which prudence teaches me to watch with such a constant In questions of morality jealousy. religion, I fall back reverently, from the shifting speculations of individual judgment, "to the law and the testimony," - to that body of sacred truth recorded in Scripture, which has passed through the fiery ordeal of ages of the world's experience; which has been tried by every practical test known among men; and which comes to us with the best vouchers of its divine origin and authority. And in matters pertaining to civil government, I would "render to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," and bow to the constituted authority of my country.

n

THE blazing sky is overcast; Reviving Nature breathes again; A grateful darkness gathers fast, And brings the welcome rain. Large drops now fall around, And singly beat the dusty ground. Now faster fall the drops, Pattering on forest tops, As if innumerable feet Upon the green roofs beat; All hastening to and fro, Love's ministry to do. Meekly the flower spirits hold Their cups of silver and of gold; Those delicate children of the Sun. As if their sire for them had spun Their robes, - the lily's virgin hue, The regal rose's crimson dye, The violet's celestial blue, -That, clad in beauty, they might woo The rain-god, sweeping through the sky, To fill their vessels with his precious dew.

See the transparent nectar swell,
Curving upon the brim.
How far behind, Art's best essays!
How poor, Etruscan skill,
Seen and admired in far-famed vase,
Or urn with sculptured rim!
Art imitates with feeble lines
The forms that Nature's hand designs.

And now the Sun again looks forth,
With a fond lover's gaze,
Upon the glistening earth.
Like beauty rising from the sea,
So dripping from her heavenly bath,
A bride arrayed deliciously,
Earth smiles beneath the rays!



TRUE Love, though narrowed in its present aim, Refines the soul that kindles with its flame. The beauty that irradiates human clay Is but a hint of that Eternal ray Which gilds the world: the gushing heart o'erflows, And on a higher good its love bestows: Sublimest point to which the soul aspires, Poised now on outstretched wing that never tires, Calmly it floats amid Heaven's blazing fires.

CHRISTIANITY is moral and religious Truth reduced to its elements. A Christian writer has described, by a happy figure, the corruptions to which this Truth was exposed after it was communicated to the world in all its purity by its Author.

"A clear and unpolluted fountain, fed by secret channels with the dew of heaven, when it grows a large river, and takes a winding course, receives a tincture from the various soils through which it passes." It is refreshing to follow back the stream to that fountainhead, and drink of the water which is there "springing up," and imparting "everlasting life" and verdure and beauty to its brim. And this work of disinthralling men from the mean slavery of the senses is not, cannot be, limited to those who professionally have the care of souls. Every artist, every instructor of youth, every writer who can secure the public ear, and especially every true poet, who has been made a seer himself by the allenlightening Spirit, and to whom has been given the power to make others see the beauties and the glories which are not disclosed to sense, may do a good service in such a crisis for humanity and for God.

Come, then, all upon whom has been bestowed any power to address the higher nature of man, and to touch and move the more

latent springs of life in the soul, — come to the work which waits to be performed. Contribute your influence to fill up the void which a denying, destructive scepticism has created; throw open the narrow inclosures within which a poor logic would confine thought; vindicate the freedom of the soul, and secure an infinite range for the exercise of its activity; transform the crawling worm of materialism into a winged creature, and let it fly upwards to heaven; win men back from exclusive devotion to earthly science, which cares only for the life that perisheth, to a glorious supernaturalism, — to those verities which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart clearly conceived, but which ever have been and ever will be objects of faith and love to the immaterial, immortal spirit in man. Come, if it must be, with extravagance, and startle men by wonder or by fear, out of that grovelling worship of Mammon which is effacing from

the mind of our country every noble and disinterested sentiment, and which is changing "the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to corruptible man, and to birds, and four-footed beasts, and creeping things."

THE Unbelief from which we have most to fear, and which is most prevalent, extends farther than to the rejection of any particular system of theological dogmas, any authorized credenda of special communions, or any dispensation of positive truth. It questions the grounds of all religious faith, and ignores the existence and trustworthiness of any principle or faculty in man, whose function it is to believe in things "unseen, spiritual, and eternal." The great heresy of our period is not a denial of the Immaculate Conception of the Virgin Mary, or of any other of the

thousand formulas of positive doctrine that proceed ex cathedra Romæ, or from any other propaganda in Christendom; but it is a heresy to humanity. It is a denial of the crowning attribute of man. It is disbelief in the soul. We believe in and worship a huge idol, — the material universe, - which, like Nebuchadnezzar's image, has a head of gold, and feet of iron and clay. We are intent upon running a continuous wire round the globe, that we may chaffer with the Orientals by lightning, - a stupendous achievement, doubtless, which science has shown to be theoretically possible, and which experiment is trying to prove practicable; and the whole world is leaning, with eyelids ajar, to watch the doing of the design. And at the same time we have recklessly destroyed that better telegraph, which existed in what we term ages of darkness, and which led from earth to the world of spirits, fetching and carrying communications between

the Fount of Being and the souls of men. It would seem, therefore, that the leading duty of the day is to vindicate the spiritual nature of man, to state the special function of the soul, as distinct from the ratiocinating intellect. Whatever carries man away from the soul and its a priori convictions, unships his rudder and sets him afloat upon a shoreless ocean of inquiry; ever sailing without a port. Arachne's cloth, in which she drew with so cunning a sleight the mystic thread, to depict the amours of the old divinities, was copied from the pictures in her own teeming fancy. This was what angered Athena; and when the envious lady changed her into a spider, it was the best illustration the fable could give of the creative power of the soul.



DO not fly off to the conclusion, which young and ardent minds are quick to resort to, that faith is dead, that religion is obsolete, a subject for history, and not a matter for new consciousness and experience. This is poor drivelling, allow me to say, not as a preacher, but as a fellow-student. It may suit the musty misanthrope, who has clouded his intellect. and been brought to repudiate the debts which he owes to himself and to God, by his worldliness and sensuality, and who has dallied so long with harlots that he has forgotten the mother that bore him. But this reprobate condition of mind is not predicable, surely, of youth, -- clear-eyed, undistempered, elastic, believing youth, - fresh from God, new spectators of the marvels and glories of creation, with unworn, unperverted affections panting in their bosoms. Infuse into your generation the leaven of a high thought, and leave it to

work. You will not think to move the living world unless you sympathize with that living world.

And, therefore, I say, keep close to the beating heart of your race. In all matters pertaining to the heart and conscience and soul, you will be able to verify these words by your future experience, and will find, as you may be called, either by professional duty or other relations, to mingle with the needy and the unlettered, that you are only among your peers, and that in your intercourse with them you have much to receive as well as much to impart.



TO MRS. J. Q. ADAMS, IN REPLY TO HERS ON THE "RIGHT OF PETITION," APRIL, 1845.

THE prayer which wronged humanity preferred, Suppliant so long, so often turned away, Though gray-haired Eloquence might plead, unheard,

Has been received; Freemen at length can pray!
Would that the veteran champion of right
Might wait on earth the answer to that prayer!
Yet though that day may never bless his sight,

He hears the answer with faith's listening ear:

"As sure as Justice is the brightest gem
That glitters in the starry crown of God,
Th' oppressor's palsied arm shall drop the rod;

The bondmen of the earth shall know for them

Does Nature's bounty burst the teeming sod;

And over Afric's wastes shall Truth regain her realm."

(And the bronze Ethiop yet shall wear Truth's diadem.)

6

TO — WITH THE MARRIAGE GIFT OF A BIBLE.

AT Cana's marriage feast a Guest divine
Spake, and the water turned to gladdening wine:
That Guest be present now! and bless the rite,
That bids two loving hearts in one unite!
Whate'er He says, do with a loyal will;
The genial marvel is repeated still.
Fill as we may life's vessels to the brim,
The word to "draw" can only come from Him
Who gives to simplest draughts the richest zest,
And changes coarsest fare to daintiest feast.



IT is the part of wisdom to assign to what is External in Religion its just measure of importance, so as neither, on the one side, to be the slave of forms, — to attach a superstitious value to the performance of them, to elevate them above moral duty, - nor, on the other hand, to neglect them as of no use, as unworthy a reasonable being, as inconsistent with a spiritual Religion. As there may be superstition in the use of forms, so there may be conceit and pride in doing without them. If by any external rites we can add to our love of God, and promote kind and charitable feelings towards our brethren, and invigorate our principles of duty, let us practise those rites; but if they usurp the place of moral goodness and active duty in our estimation, let us be assured they are abomination to God.

"HALLOWED BE THY NAME!" In these words is expressed one essential element of true piety, - the sentiment of Reverence. The moral health of every human being requires that there should be in his mind a class of thoughts, or some one thought at least, which shall be held sacred. Into this sanctuary—this Holy of Holies—no profane entrance shall be allowed. It must not be thrown open and made common. Over it the cherubim must bend and muse continually. Such a Holy of Holies is the innermost enclosure of the human soul, where the thought of God is enshrined, where His name is meditated on with silent wonder, only broken by expressions of solemn praise and adoration. To a mind so reverential in its habits, all profaneness is shocking; every approach to levity or familiarity in the use of sacred subjects gives In order that the Great Truth of God may exert over our thoughts and characters the wholesome moral influence it may and ought to exert, the Name of God must be hallowed. It must never be drawn into common use; it must never be associated with low or familiar subjects; it must never be coupled with imprecations or jesting. It is idle to pretend that any one can be truly religious in the frame of his mind who has no reserved subjects of thought upon which he will allow no intercourse, which he will keep exclusively to himself.



FOR AN ALBUM.

THERE is a gem in every breast,
Of priceless worth, of beauty rare;
And 'tis the Giver's high behest
To keep it with a jealous care.

That gem — the soul, — in starless night
It gives no lustre to the eye;
It seeks the day's meridian light,
When truth shines cloudless from the sky.

Then bring it to the noon-day sun:

From soil of sin preserve it clean;

And when the work of life is done,

'Twill glitter still with Heavenly sheen.



THE Gospel does not, after the manner of philosophy, propose to the conscience abstract principles and rules of duty, and motives to influence the conduct. Instead of reasoning in this cold, unimpressive way about duty and virtue, it takes a much more effectual course, by presenting an engaging picture of "the beauty of Holiness" in the character of Jesus Christ. Certainly there are rules and precepts in Christianity, but they are all illustrated in the perfect and spotless character of The Master; and this is worth far more than all the most perfect abstract rules. If we would take the most effectual way to make ourselves pure and holy, we must study the example of Christ, a just appreciation of His character, a sentiment of love which cannot fail to be inspired by the contemplation of His Divine qualities; this is worth far more than all mere precepts and reasonings; and to awaken and cherish in the soul such a sentiment of personal affection for The Master, to form this good treasure in the heart, is the great object of the Christian ordinance of the Supper. We are thus led to "consider Him that endured such contradiction of sinners against Himself, lest we be wearied and faint in our minds;" we bring before our minds Him who was "tempted in all points as we are, yet without sin;" we contemplate, in a living, real person, that calm piety, that sweet condescension, that warm benevolence, that forgetfulness of self, that quiet spirit of endurance, that forgiveness of injuries, -- qualities which met together and shed such a Divine lustre on the character of Christ. And in such an example, — in such an Incarnation of virtue, we have the rule and the motive presented together. We are made to see what the highest virtue is, and are moved to imitate it by the strongest feelings of the heart. Does not Christianity, then, take the most effectual method to promote our growth in Holiness by furnishing a rite which brings us near to Christ, and helps us to cherish a feeling of love for Him who is our Pattern in all things?



FLAG of my country! in thy folds Are wrapt the treasures of the heart; Where'er that waving sheet is fanned, By breezes of the sea or land, It bids the life-blood start.

It is not that among those stars The fiery crest of Mars shines out; It is not that on battle plain, 'Midst heaps of harnessed warriors slain, It flaps triumphant o'er the rout.

Short lived the joy that conquest yields; Flushed victory is bathed in tears; The burden of that bloody fame Which shouting thousands loud proclaim, Sounds sad to widowed ears.

Thou hast a deeper, stronger hold, Flag of my country! on the heart, Than when o'er mustered hosts unfurled; Thou art a signal to the world, At which the nations start.

Thou art a symbol of the power
Whose sheltering wings our homes surround:
Guarded by thee was childhood's morn;
And where thy cheering folds are borne,
Order and Peace are found.

Flag of my favored country, hail!

Blessings abound where thou dost float;
Best robe for living Freedom's form,
Fit pall to spread upon her tomb,
Should Heaven to earth devote.

Wave over us in glory still,

And be our guardian as now!

Each wind of Heaven kiss thy cheeks,

And withered be the hand that seeks

To bring that banner low!



THE NAME SAMUEL means, "asked of God." The mother of Samuel had earnestly prayed for a son; and when the request was granted, she gave him a name which meant that she had asked God for the gift which had been granted to her. This was one way she took to show her gratitude to that good Being from whom all our blessings descend; and it is our duty to imitate the example of the mother of Samuel. We must try to invent some way to keep the favors we enjoy always in mind. Every one of us is each day enjoying gifts from Heaven. Life itself is a gift. Health is a great gift. The eyes with which, as through little windows, we look out upon what is beautiful; the ear, through which sweet sounds are conveyed, - are all gifts of God. The food we eat, the air we breathe, the houses that shelter us, are gifts from our Creator. should try to impress upon our minds this truth, as the mother of Samuel did.

When Samuel was yet a little infant, his mother, in token of her gratitude, declared that she "had lent him to The Lord." She meant by this that she gave him up, dear as he was to her, and much as she longed for him, to serve the Lord. His parents carried him to the place where the Jews offered sacrifice and worshipped; and there she gave her little son to the priest, that he might learn there his Holy duties. "And Samuel ministered before The Lord, being a child, girded with a linen ephod." One night, the Bible tells us, while Samuel was asleep in the temple of The Lord, The Lord called to him. awoke and answered, "Here am I," supposing it to be the voice of the priest Eli. And he ran unto Eli and said, "Here am I, for thou calledst me." And Eli said, "I called not; lie down again;" and he went and lay down. And The Lord called yet again, "Samuel." And Samuel arose and went to Eli and said,

"Here am I, for thou didst call me." And he answered, "I called not, my son; lie down again." And The Lord called Samuel again the third time; and he arose and went to Eli and said, "Here am I, for thou didst call me." And Eli perceived that The Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel, "Go, lie down; and it shall be, if He call thee, that thou shalt say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." So Samuel went and lay down in his place. It was God, then, that spake unto little Samuel: He had a message to convey to him. He was to make use of him when he grew up, — he was to be an important instrument in the hands of God. was to be a teacher and prophet to the people. And God called to him now to prepare him for his great work. And in like manner he calls to each child. He has a work for each to do. The work may seem small and trifling; it is small when compared with the work which the little Samuel was chosen to do; but nothing that it is our duty to do is trifling. Every act is important in every station in life.

God calls us in His works. When we look up at the sky, and see the bright luminaries that shine there; when we look out on the Earth and the Ocean; when we see the green grass springing and the flowers blooming at our feet; a voice comes from these things: they speak to us. They say, "Remember your Creator in the days of your youth." is God who calleth out the starry host; it is God who causeth the sun to shine by day, and the moon and the stars by night. It is God who maketh the seasons to know each its Let us listen to this voice of God when we walk abroad. Let us go forth among the wonders and beauties of Creation, and, if God calls us, say as Samuel said, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth."

THE CHRISTMAS TREE.

CHILDREN.

THE Christmas Tree! The Christmas Tree!

'Twas planted long ago:
The Angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below:
Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago:
The Angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below.

The Tree by Holy hands was set
In days of auld lang syne;
Its boughs with Heavenly dew were wet,
And hung with fruit Divine.
Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago:
The Angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below.

Thousands have met around the Tree,
In days of auld lang syne;
Have plucked the fruit, and thankfully
Enjoyed the food Divine.
Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago:
The Angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below.

The Tree with Gifts has loaded been,
From days of auld lang syne;
And still through leaves of living green
The Saviour's presents shine.
Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago;
The Angels sung their hynn above,
As we sing ours below.

TEACHERS.

Come, Children, take the gifts you see, And to your minds recall ' The fruit upon the Heavenly Tree, That grows and blooms for all.

Of auld lang syne we sing,
Of Christmas long ago;
The Angels sung their hymn above,
As we sing ours below.

THE true object of the *Poet's* art is to produce a glowing picture of God's works, to elevate and dignify what is common and familiar, to group together the most lovely objects, to present events and occurrences in the most interesting combinations, and to collect together from every part of the Universe whatever is beautiful or grand, and fashion them into an image on which the enamoured soul may gaze and meditate with delight.

Take, for example, the one hundred and fourth Psalm.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul. O Lord, my God, Thou art very great; Thou art clothed with honor and majesty: Who coverest Thyself with light as with a garment; Who stretchest out the heavens like a curtain."



SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR, QUINCY.

ON this green headland, where, in summer pride,
Waits for her ocean-lord his lovely bride,
And stretches far her neck, with amorous reach,
T' invite caresses on the lonely beach,
Fair Commerce builds a Home for those whose
toil

Has fetched the golden fleece from foreign soil; The neighboring mart, whose white-winged navies sweep

Through every zone that belts the boundless deep, Divides a portion of her well-used gain With those who reaped the harvest on the main.

Here may the veteran mariner repose,
When on his craft the life-storm fiercely blows;
Here let him turn a-port, and, furling sail,
Run for a Harbor through the driving gale;
Here, rounding to, drop anchor near the shore,
And ride in safety till life's voyage is o'er.

From Cape to Cape, search round our noble Bay;
No lovelier sight than here can eye survey:
From yonder hill, when sunset's blazing sheen
Sets in a golden frame the pictured scene,
Let the eye wander freely as it will,
Landward and seaward, all is beauty still.

The Sachem of the Bay, by Squantum's shore, Held o'er his feathered warriors sway, of yore; There stood his wigwam in the hummock's shade; There the maize-tassels with the breezes played; There the red hunter chased the antlered game; Thence Massachusetts took her honored name.

To fancy's eye, these verdant necks of land Seem as the fingers of an outstretched hand. The Genius of the place here stands to greet The faint sea-wanderers to this calm retreat: Here let them watch, as on the neighboring strand The brave ship grows beneath the builder's hand, Till, all complete, she cleaves the yielding tide, And walks the water with a graceful pride;

Here let them follow to the gates of day
The trade-fleets, speeding on their outward way;
Or, in the offing, spy the distant sail
Nearing the haven with propitious gale;—
The Clipper, white-robed Lady of the main;
The Sea-Horse, snorting o'er the liquid plain;
The mighty Admiral, equipped for war,
Her hundred voices thundering Ocean's law;
Or, better far, some "Jamestown," outward-bound,
On cruise of mercy to a foreign ground;
Unshipped her battle-gear, with warm hearts
manned,

Freighted with plenty for a starving land.

Such sights relieve the woful shapes that lie Crowded within the sailor's memory;—
The mingled uproar of the sea and sky,
"The direful spectacle of wreck," the cry
Of the spent swimmer in his agony.

And when the ancient mariner shall see The gloomy waters of eternity,

And, in his need, despairing help below,
Call for a Pilot's skill to steer him through,
Then may that Form benign, whose power to save
Held trembling Peter steady on the wave,
Conduct the trusting soul in safety o'er
To a "Snug Harbor" on the heavenly shore.



WE are told that Hagar, while she was sitting expecting the death of her child, heard a voice from Heaven speaking to her, and encouraging her. "And God opened her eyes, and she saw a well of water; and she went and filled the bottle with water, and gave the lad drink." And so it is with our parents. They are ready to despair of their own efforts to nourish the souls of their children. But they see in the Gospel of Jesus Christ a fountain of water. Whosoever drinketh of that shall thirst no more. Drink of that water and live!

LOVE grows downward.

FAITH is the root of the Christian Tree which springs up in the *soul*, puts forth its branches, and bears the fruits of righteousness.

FOR THE RECTOR OF CHRIST CHURCH, QUINCY, AT HIS REQUEST. DEC. 25, 1843.

T. .

WHEN kind friends, with social mirth, Gather round the Christmas hearth, Think of Him, — the undefiled: Bethlehem's manger-cradled child.

II.

When, at eventide, your eyes
Watch the host that fill the skies,
Think of Him — whose advent-star
Drew the Magi from afar.

III.

When your hymns, with Holy cheer, Strike upon the night's dull ear, Think of Him whose birth, of old, Angel-voices sweetly told.

IV.

When the Sun, from wintry bound, Turns, to warm the frozen ground, Think of Him whose "healing" light Broke upon the soul's dark night.

v.

When, within the Pastor's home, Friends and flock with greeting come, Think of Him — His flock who leads By still waves, on verdant meads!



AMONG the sublime descriptions which the Scriptures, and especially the Book of Psalms, furnish of the attributes of God, there are no words that convey to the reflecting mind a higher idea of the Supreme Creator and Ruler of the Universe than the simple language, "He maketh the storm a calm." The great miracle of the Universe is its Peace. The highest and best conception we can form of God is not as the almighty Sovereign Who can crush us to the dust; not as the awful Judge and the wrathful Destroyer of the guilty; not as the Supreme Disposer of our lot, Whose will is not to be resisted, Who has surrounded us with evil in life which we cannot escape, Who takes away from us our choicest blessings without communicating to us the reason of His doings, and Who forces upon us a destiny which we cannot avoid or alter, and with no other account of the matter than that such is His irreversible decree and appointment. This is not the highest and best idea we can form of God in His moral dealings with our race. But the great conception of God is that which Christianity so clearly unfolds and presents. The Comforter, The Father, The God of peace, Who maketh the storm a calm. Who causeth His bow to appear in the clouds, as the cheering token of that covenant which He makes with the believing, trusting, hopeful spirit of man. Christianity will not change the surface of life, will not make its rough places smooth, nor its steep and rugged paths less precipitous and dangerous; but it will add new vigor to the limbs of the pilgrim, and will enable him to surmount the difficulties that oppose him. "It will keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on God."

THE Christian Religion promotes calmness of mind by the view which it gives of death. When Jesus said to Martha, "I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die," he put to her the significant and searching question, "Believest thou this?" And the same question may be put to us in our afflictions: "Believest thou this?" this Christian view of death been received into your souls? We all represent to our imaginations a "last day." Then, indeed, we expect that our friends will come forth again to a new life. But that last day is too far removed to yield much comfort to the immediate distresses of the soul. Why should the mind of the Christian thus deprive itself of the strength and the Holy joy which the words of Christ are suited to impart? Why not feel that we

are but little distant from those we have lost? Why not realize that a short time only will elapse before we shall be borne to them by the same path which they have trodden? In fine, why not connect the future life with the present most closely and intimately? Death has only changed our friend, not annihilated him. It has removed him from our society; it has interrupted that personal intercourse which has heretofore gladdened us; it has made pallid and cold the face which once beamed on us with affectionate regard; but it has not destroyed our friend.

Why has the belief which mankind have professed in another life had so little influence upon their thoughts, their plans, their actions, their whole characters? Is it not, in a great measure, because they have failed to connect that future life closely with the life they were living here in the flesh? They gaze upon it with the mind's eye in the same manner as

we look up to some distant star that sends down to the Earth only a feeble and faint ray of light, neither sufficient to enlighten our path nor to warm our limbs. This is not Christian faith, this distant contemplation of the future life. This is nothing more than Heathen religions allow. "Whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die. Believest thou this?" Jesus said nothing concerning death in His discourses. Life, life! this is the great theme of Christianity. Not the life of the outward frame, which consists in meat and drink, but the "everlasting life" of the soul, which consists in consciousness, thought, faith, devotion, principle, love.



ADMIRATION is not the highest tribute that a human being can receive from his fellows; nor is it what a right-minded man will most highly prize, or wish most earnestly to secure. Respect, esteem, confidence, — these are the feelings which every one will seek to inspire who loves himself last, and who takes care that all the ends he aims at shall be his God's and truth's. May it be our felicity, when our earthly work shall be ended, to leave behind us an untarnished name, and distinct, unequivocal, and reliable evidence, of a useful and an honorable life!



FAREWELL — farewell — thou fostering Earth!

Thy gift of life I now resign:

The spirit waits a higher birth;

My useless dust I now resign.

From thee rich stores of thought I've gained;
Thy various forms excite the mind,
Amidst thy scenes of wonder trained:
I leave them all behind.

The beauty that is on thy brow
Waked infant passion in my heart;
But higher glories ravish now,
And bid me hence depart.

Thy tender ties, relations dear,

First gently taught me how to love:

The germ which Nature planted here

Must grow and bloom above.

Thy stormy blasts have firmer made
The spreading roots of virtue's tree:
The soul, by cares and sorrows swayed,
Rests in eternity.

But chiefly in thy radiant face,
Where lower beauties meet and shine,
My musing spirit learned to trace
The lineaments divine.

My race is run, my toils are o'er,

And safely reached the destined goal;

And thou, fair Earth, canst do no more

To consecrate the Soul.

I drop my chrysalis of clay;
On new fledged wings I take my flight;
Up to the brilliant Source of day
I rise from Death's dark night.

LATIN HYMN.

"Lux ecce surgit aurea."

SEE! the golden morning rises;
Pallid shadows haste away:
Headlong night no more surprises,—
Leads no more the steps astray.

Light like this break in and scatter
Every cloud that shades the soul!
Nought deceptive may we utter,
No dark thoughts within us roll!

All day long may truth, presiding
Over hand and eye and tongue,
Word and look and action guiding,
Keep us pure, and make us strong!

When bright Morn with rosy touches
Lifts the windows of the sky,
So, a witness stands and watches
All we do with piercing eye.

And when Eve with dewy fingers
Spreads her veil, and clouds the light,
Still that awful Presence lingers,
And that eye looks through the night.



THE moral influence of the life of a good man is not to be estimated merely by the amount of direct instruction which proceeds from his uttered or recorded words; nor yet merely by the exhibition of Christian righteousness which his example and character furnish. Besides these direct influences, there is associated with the person of an individual who has inspired us with esteem and love, a class of thoughts and feelings which it is well for the soul's good to have revived, and which are revived whenever that individual present. We live our best life, we think our best thoughts, we enjoy our purest and holiest feelings, when we are in his company, and, by a kind of spiritual magnetism, are silently put in communication with his virtues.

AS in the time of David, so now, there is as much need of some to "abide by the stuff" as for others to "go down into the battle;" that to "strengthen the things that remain" is a much safer way, and quite as much a duty, as to "seek out many inventions," which promise fair, but have not been tested by time and the experience of the world. The analogies that may be drawn from the vegetable world teach a lesson too valuable to be neglected. If you are in search of the choicest kinds of fruit, you perhaps conclude that you will begin entirely anew, and sow the seed in the ground; and by pursuing this course you may, and it sometimes happens that you do, obtain, finally, better fruit than any other process would procure. But there is great uncertainty about the result. You may or may not succeed. And, moreover, you must wait many long years for the tree to reach a

fruit-bearing age; and, in the mean time, a thousand mischances, against which no skill or care can guard, may destroy its life, or impair its vigor and health. A surer and safer way seems to be to take an old stock, that has wintered it and summered it through many successive years, which was planted, suppose, near the homestead by a father's or more remote ancestor's hands; which witnessed the happy sports of your childhood; which bears, perhaps, inscribed on its rough bark, your name and the names of associates who have passed away; - to take this ancient stock, and insert into it the most approved varieties which modern skill and cultivation can furnish. So, too, in the moral and religious world. Instead of cutting down and rooting up and treading under foot those institutions which the piety of a former age has transmited to us; -institutions which had their origin in the conviction of a divine ordi-

nance and sanction, and which have held their sway over the minds and consciences of successive generations, by reason of that conviction; which are, therefore, well rooted; which have stood the violence of contrary winds of doctrine; which have been moistened by the tears, ay, and by the blood, of those who have stood up to defend them in peril; - instead of rooting up and cutting down these, and sowing the seed anew, the dictate of true wisdom would seem to be, to save the old stock, to lop off any dead limbs, to trim the redundant foliage, to dig about the roots if it need new life there, or if foreign plants are depriving it of the nutriment which should go to itself alone; - and then to ingraft upon this stock all the new ideas and principles which the advancing march of society and the progress of man shall bring to light, and which approve themselves to sober minds. Then, if these additions should chance to prove worthless, they may be removed, and left to wither and perish, while the trunk in which they were inserted will live on with enduring vigor and verdure. And this principle agrees with the maxim of the great modern philosopher, "to take counsel of both times, of the antienter what is best, of the latter time what is fittest; to reform without bravery or scandal of former times."



NO human being, however gifted, is above the need of *Religion*. The more highly an individual may be exalted, by the endowments of his intellect, above the range of common mortals, the more must he crave the solace which comes from "things unseen and eternal." He whose genius lifts him to the summit, at the foot of which his fellows look up and tremble, must dwell in a cold and dreary region, if he have no society above him. When he comes down from such mountain solitudes, his face will not shine, there will be no light in his eye, no radiant smile will suffuse his features, unless, like Moses and Christ, he has been conversing with God.



IN a country of the East, a great while ago, when the world was young, there lived a Little Child. As he lay, one sultry day, in the shade of a wide-branching tree, he wished that some angel would come to him, and grant him his request. On a sudden he was alarmed to find that his wish had been complied with, and was awe-struck at the presence of a celestial visitant. It was too late now to recal his wish, as his timidity would have dictated; and the benignant countenance of the angel put courage in his heart, and set him very soon at his ease. You called me, said the angel. I come from the spiritual world, where one of our number is assigned to be the guardian and guide of every child that is born into this world. Their angels do all stand in the familiar presence of The Father. And there is such a strong sympathy and intimate connection between each human

being and his angel, that not a wish can be formed that is not known in the spiritual world.

Why have you called me? and what is your I long for knowledge, said the child: can you procure it for me? desire is reasonable, replied the angel, and the object is attainable. But before vour request is granted, it is important you should be prepared for the reception of the gift. saying, the angel took the child by the hand, and led him into the midst of a great plain, where a vast concourse of persons of all ages and of both sexes were present, dispersed about and employed in various ways. The angel placed his young charge in a commanding position, and then began to point out to him the principal objects before him. middle of the plain stood two trees, one of them the tree of Knowledge, and the other the tree of Virtue. You observe, said the

angel, there is a great eagerness to get at the fruit of the tree of Knowledge. Look what a crowd there is about it. Some, you perceive, have climbed upon the branches to pluck the fruit; and there is one who has ventured upon the slenderest and highest boughs, out of a passion for the fairest and ripest fruit. striking effect produced by eating this fruit is, that it sharpens the appetite for more. in order to understand the various effects of this fruit upon those who partake of it, you must observe more particularly these several groups scattered about on the plain. who is that figure strutting along so gayly? asked the child. That is Vanity, replied the angel. He has eaten of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, and he imagines himself the greatest, nay, the only being in the Universe. Who but I? he seems to ask in every feature and every movement. But let him pass, for his is not by any means the worst case before

Knowledge puffeth up, but that is not the worst it does. Look now at that evil-eyed person, who walks along with such a fierce expression of hatred in his countenance. He was so afraid that his com-That is Envy. panions would gather more than himself, that he would not eat of the fruit of the tree of Virtue: and now he is miserable. But who is that, asked the child, so busy among the crowd yonder, and who seems to be taking pleasure in setting them at variance? That is Mischief, said the angel. He has eaten his fill of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, and it seems to have intoxicated his brain. understands the natures of those he converses with, and he delights in unsettling their minds. He brings forward ever new and startling notions about government and religion. Wherever he goes, it is a signal for confusion and quarrelling. Turn now your eyes to another quarter of the plain, and look at that conspicuous figure who is busy aiming deadly machines at the crowd which oppose him. That is Ambition. He has eaten of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, and it has sharpened his invention: he knows the secrets of nature; he has penetrated the mysteries of the earth and sea and air; and he is using his knowledge and power to destroy his fellows, and to erect a throne for himself. But there would be no end, if I attempted to point out all to you.

Look now to a different class of persons. On this side of us are those who, after gathering from the tree of Knowledge, took care to supply themselves with the fruit of the tree of Virtue. Mark how different their aspect from the groups we have been observing. Their faces beam with a benevolent expression. They are busy applying their knowledge to useful purposes. See, some are employed inventing instruments which may

serve the useful purposes of life. Others are framing laws, collecting men into societies, and teaching them to live together peaceably, and strengthen and aid each other. Some are discoursing to their fellow-beings on the laws of the Creator, and pointing out to them their obligations, and warning them of their imminent dangers.

I have seen enough, said the child to his angel-guide. Let me taste of the fruit of the tree of Knowledge, but let me also partake of the fruit of the tree of Virtue.

And the angel left him, with the promise that his request should be granted.

My young friends, let your prayer be of a similar kind. Give me Knowledge, but give me Virtue to guide it.



IT is not in gay childhood's careless hours
We fully know what happiness is ours:
Young life can but materials impart,
From which we may construct our future heart.
'Tis when from ripened manhood we look back,
And run in memory on our youthful track,
We estimate the strength of early ties:
Those slender filaments are cable plies;
In pleasant thraldom bound the willing spirit lies.

Oh, who so dull to tread his place of birth
As if it were no more than common earth;
As if the river, on whose gentle wave
His mimic navies to the winds he gave,
Were not more dear to memory than the streams
Which flow forever in the scholar's dreams;
As if from out its tide, to Fancy's eye,
There rose not forms, with those sweet Nymphs to
vie,

That peopled flood and fount in lovely Arcady?

GLEANINGS.

Ask you, whence springs the enthusiastic glow
That warms the Patriot's breast where'er you go,—
That sentiment which consecrates to all
Our country, let her bounds be great or small,
Which bids us love her, though in chains she sit,
Ignobly crouching at a Despot's feet?
Amidst the play-things of our infant days
This noble passion its foundation lays,
And only with our dust the sentiment decays.







